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ed an excellent housewife, and has been taught to think it the highest absurdity to venture out of the domestic province, behold her in a clean apron, reaching almost round her; trotting about the kitchen, looking after all ends, jack going, eggs beating, frizzling and frying, bustle, bustle, her face scorched and frowning, fretting and fuming, that somebody has left the print of their heel on her clean scoured parlour. Dinner ready to take up, she explores the pot, and behold, the pudding bag is burst! down drops the ladle, up go her hands; she thought some misfortune would befall them to day, for two great crows flapped at the window! she is sure there is a hobgoblin in the pot, or else the bag had a hole in it; raves at Betty, boxes the scullion, kicks the dog from the fire; he throws down the dripping pan, scalds himself, runs away howling, oversets some of the children; they all set a squalling, the frightened husband leaves the house and begs a quiet dinner at his neighbour's.

Tell my friend Kendal I doubt not of his being a proselyte to my reasoning, and therefore hope he'll make fit his business by way of atonement, to recommend me, and my pacific sisterhood to the deserving of his sex, and then I'll freely, freely pardon him for past declamation.

Yet this also has been a digression from my history, but as time and paper will not admit of the sequel of my surprizing memoirs, I shall conclude for the present, with love and good will to your household and acquaintance, dear Doctor and Sally, your  
M.M.\*  
Settle, 1mo. 1765.

For the *Belfast Monthly Magazine*.

SAINCLAIR CONTINUED.

CLEMENTINA espoused Versiliac; she was intoxicated with glory on the day of her nuptials; in the epithalamiums and the versessing at table all possible allusions were lavished; if they were not of the

most novel kind, they were at least the most flattering, that mythology could furnish. Clementina was compared to Sappho—to the Muses, all whose talents were combined in her: her happy spouse was designated by the name of Pindar, and even that of Apollo. They failed not to name her mother Minerva. As fable furnished no antiquaries, commentators, or glossarists, the eulogy of the Baron presented more difficulty; but as he was old, almost blind, and was deeply learned in Greek, they made a Homer of him. Ovid D'Elback did not share much of their attention; however they told him, that if he had not surpassed Tournefort and Linnæus, he would have had all the talent of the poet whose name he bore.

These ingenious verses excited the most lively emotions in Clementina, what titles of immortality!! All these praises would be printed in the *Almanack of the Muses*, as well as in the *Mercury*; Paris was on the point of becoming acquainted with all the wonderful talents of this illustrious and learned family. Amid such a triumph, how could she repent having sacrificed the inclination of her heart to glory??

Sainclair, more indignant, than afflicted, departed for Paris with Duval. The two friends, during their journey, entertained each other with their plans for the future. Sainclair said, that he was determined to marry soon, "but certainly," added he, "I will never marry a woman of celebrity. I wish for a person who shall be young, mild, amiable, modest, who has no brilliant talent, and consequently no pretensions to glory: that will not be difficult to find." You must not believe it to be so common as you think. We have reached such a point of perfectibility, that at Paris every one has his own species of reputation, more or less extensive: every female is spoken of in some peculiar terms of praise in her own circle, or quarter, or in the whole city—"I will never marry any one, but one, that nobody speaks of"—What a gothic idea! it is totally out of fashion. "My wish is to live in obscurity in my family and with a select circle of friends, and very much in the

\* The writer of this letter, was Miss M. Morris, afterwards, the Mrs. Knowles, mentioned in the life of Dr. Johnson.

country. I wish to enjoy myself in my domestic affairs. What should I do with a woman of celebrity? When I should happen to be unwell, and that she ought to take care of me, I should expect to find her employed in preparing an article for some Journal, for it is the plan now to collect all the striking traits of living characters."

Yes, and traits, which naturally should be so completely unknown, that there is just ground for suspecting that the heroes and heroines themselves have had the goodness to furnish their historians with the secret materials. "What should I do then with such a woman? I should shudder, when I saw her writing, I could not but always suspect, there was some romance in agitation. My wish is, that her talents should only be applied to heighten the pleasure of our domestic arrangements, and that her aims be given in secret: I would tell her, that publicity in these things is becoming in people of high rank only, who are set forth for the purpose of giving good examples. However, my friends, celebrity has its advantages: folks may be married now by proxy, like princes: the reputation of females makes all their merits known, and when they are pretty you will see their portraits in the drawing-room, and you can also examine their whole figure very lightly robed. In fine, if a man has the misfortune to lose one of these celebrated wives, he can enjoy the pleasure of seeing her spring up again and shine on the theatres with Mmes Fanchon, Sophia, Arnould, Julia, &c. He may have the consolation of reading an eulogy on her in the journals and historical dictionaries. All this has no seduction for me, I wish to discover and choose her, who shall receive my plighted faith: I do not wish to have her pointed out by fame."—In this search of yours for a wife at once amiable and little known, you will only find some little monster of ugliness and folly. Sainclair looked on this observation as a jest, the sequel proved, that it was not altogether devoid of truth.

Duval remained in Paris with his relations; but as the post he had just

obtained, obliged him to look out for more spacious apartments, it was fixed on, that he should in conjunction with Sainclair take a house in the Chaussée d'Antin. Sainclair took lodgings at an hotel, until matters should be arranged. He got thither in the evening; and was fatigued, as he had travelled the two preceding nights, and he made haste to bed.

He was just falling into a sleep, when he heard through the wall of the recess, in which his bed stood, some shrill cries, and all the accents of grief and the most violent wrath. He listens, and from some imperfect words, which he collects, he infers that his neighbour is a sick person in the delirium of an inflammatory fever. Sainclair expected, that so terrible a fit would soon exhaust the strength of the patient, and that lassitude would succeed this violent frenzy: but his expectations were cruelly deceived. Shouts, groans, and all the ejaculations of fury and rage continued without interruption till five in the morning; the noise then suddenly ceased.

Sainclair supposed, that the unfortunate patient had sunk under the violent effects of his disease, and had just breathed his last sigh; he sincerely wished him eternal repose, and was in hopes now of enjoying a temporary one himself. At that very instant the hotel resounded with the noisy sound of a clarionet, and this break-of-day player unfortunately lodged in the chamber next to Sainclair's, who, compelled to give up all hope of sleep, got up, strongly resolved to change his lodging. He discovered, that the man, he supposed ill of an inflammatory fever, was a young actor, in sound health, who, previously to making his debut next day in the tragedy of *Andromache*, had been repeating the madness of *Orestes* during the greatest part of the night. Sainclair cursing the fine arts more than ever, determined on quitting the noisy quarter of the Palais Royal that same day. He recollected that a gentleman of the long robe, a relation of his, had made him an offer of his house, which he had declined, as the gentleman was tiresome by his gravity and taciturnity; and now considering, that,

after all, ennui is generally attended by a comfortable sleep, he thought, that for this time a lodging at the Marsh, near the Arsenal, would suit him better than any other. At all events, said he, I shall enjoy tranquillity there; my host, occupied by serious pursuits, and shut up in his study, will not trouble my repose. Full of this pleasing thought, Sainclair repaired after dinner, to New St. Paul Street, to the house of the President——, who appeared charmed at receiving him.

At half past eight a little fricasee was served. You see, said the President, I live, as our forefathers did; for these three hundred years past my family has supped precisely at this hour. "And I hope too, your wise ancestors always retired to rest, when they went from table?" Precisely; and it is my custom too.—"Ah, how virtuous that is!"—Yes, yes, virtuous; that is the proper term. With this habit the morals will be always pure. A man will neither be a gambler, nor a dissipated person, he will not throw away his time on public shows, he will have long mornings, and find time enough for every purpose. Sainclair admired these maxims very much, particularly when he was going to bed at nine o'clock; he lay down, having given orders that no one should enter his room till noon the next day. He was buried in a most profound sleep, when at day-break he was roused by the frightful noise of a most terrible explosion. Sainclair had not the smallest doubt, but that the powder magazine in the arsenal had blown up: seized with terror, he threw himself out of bed, deploring the misfortunes, that this accident would inevitably occasion in that district.

He hurried from his room, after hastily traversing the corridor, he perceived from the top of the stairs, the President in a night gown was coming to him, and at the same time saying, "go to your room again, go, the explosion has taken place: every thing is over for this day—How do you mean for this day?" "Yes, my fool of a servant has been the cause of it. But do not be distressed about it, we shall begin again for you tomorrow." A pleasant hope

indeed that! but prithee, what are you speaking of? "Of the most beautiful, the most curious chymical experiment; was not the detonation a terrible one?" Ah, you are a chymist then? "It is my sole passion, I reckoned on giving the entertainment of this superb experiment. I was pleasing myself with the plan of giving a little surprise."—You have caused me a very great one, I assure you, Sir. "Well I repeat it, you shall lose nothing by that. I promise it to you by the same hour tomorrow morning. Have patience." That is not easy. But tell me, Mr. President, do you think your ancestors went to bed at eight in the evening in order to make experiments in chymistry by day-break? "Oh, not at all; they went soberly about their business in the Palais at five in the morning: and take notice, that chemistry was then in its infancy, and that"——Sainclair did not hear the conclusion of this reasoning; he was so angry, that he turned his back rudely on the President, and quickly regained his chamber, exclaiming, surely the arts and sciences will be eternally conspiring against me.

Sainclair, in order to escape this experiment in chemistry, planned a secret departure that day, but so much fatigue and so many cross incidents occasioned so violent an access of fever, that he was obliged to go to bed. He sent for a physician, who was then very much in fashion, whom he had heard of even in Thoulouse. The Doctor arrives, enters with a cool and careless air, comes forward, seats himself by the bed side, and says; you are in a very bad quarter for a sick person; one ought to have relays of horses to come so far: let us feel your pulse. At these words, Sainclair, who was suffering considerably, gave his arm, and stated his situation. The doctor, instead of answering him, inquired if the house did not belong to President——. "Yes" answered Sainclair. Ah, I know him, replied the Doctor, he is a complete original, and makes a pretty use of his time and fortune; he spends more time in his laboratory, than in his study: a singular taste for a magistrate. The Doctor uttered the last words with much ab-

sence of mind, for his eye was directed to the chimney piece: there he observed two wretched old Japanese vases and a large blue China cat, which attracted his attention; for he was a *connoisseur*, and one of the most celebrated virtuosoës in Paris; he possessed whatever could be esteemed most rare in this way. How? said he, there is some *craquelée* porcelain, now so difficult to be found.

Whilespeaking, he gets up, approaches the chimney, turns the vases and the cat again and again, is in extacies at their beauty; I'll engage said he, the President sets no value on them; is he at home? "I believe he is." I shall go to him, and shall return to you tomorrow. The Doctor went out precipitately, as he said this, without looking at Sainclair, without ordering any thing for him, so entirely was he occupied with the blue cat. There is a pretty physician," exclaimed Sainclair, "it becomes him well indeed to censure a chymist magistrate!"

Poor Sainclair sent for the modest physician of the Marsh, who took care of him, dosed him according to rule, and at least gave him the satisfaction of knowing the nature of his disease, which was a bilious fever. In fine the physician without fame, who employed himself with his own business only, treated him skilfully.

A few days after Sainclair was in a situation to make a fortunate retreat from the house of the President, who was preparing, against his recovery, explosions, détonations, an actual chymic fête, which was to make a noise through that whole quarter.

It was just at this period, that Sainclair fell into the possession of a property, as considerable, as it was unexpected; a relation, whom he had scarcely known, appointing him sole legatee, left him fifty thousand livres a year. Sainclair with many personal attractions, an unstained character, birth, and good fortune, soon fixed the attention of such young ladies as wish to be married, and he particularly attracted the notice of mothers. Sought and caressed, he launched into the world, where in the midst of so many new objects, one single object attracted

his regards, and touched his heart. As soon as he was alone with Duval, he asked him if he was acquainted with Albina. Albina! Is not she Count de Montclair's daughter. "The very same." She goes very little into public; but I have met her; she is pretty. "Has she any celebrity?" Oh, not at all; she is quite concentrated in her family, she neither sings, nor plays on the piano, nor the harp, nor the lyre: she is not ranked among the great dancers—"Yes, I have seen her at a ball, where they only remarked her unaffected grace, the nobleness and propriety of her demeanor." All that will not give a brilliant reputation; for it is enough to be singular in this way; one must be able to perform learned steps, know how to bend forward, maintaining a balance on the right toe, while the left leg must be raised behind, as high, as study, agility, and talent permit. In this attitude, which seems to be that of Atalanta about to pick up the golden apple, the leg is completely shewn, and unfortunately it is not always the leg of the *Venus de Medicis*; but this is admired by *connoisseurs*, who admire nothing in dancing, but what appears to be the fruit of obstinate labour.—"This kind of labour is estimable indeed!—but let us speak of Albina, my friend: it is she. I love; she is the person, who suits me."—Well, we must apply to her father; I shall go and speak with him tomorrow morning.

This step of Duval's was unsuccessful. the hand of Albina was promised, and her father had engaged that she should accept her destined husband in some months. Sainclair was deeply afflicted at this. Duval, with a view to console him, offered him three very advantageous matches in the course of a fortnight. Sainclair refused the first, because he had seen the young lady dance the *pas rasse* at a ball with great applause. The second was the most celebrated piano-player in the Marsh, and notwithstanding the modesty of that quarter, she was as vain of her talents, as if she had had the same reputation in the *Faubourg St. Germain*, or at the *Chausée d'Antin*. The third, rich, amiable, and handsome, might have

suited Sainclair, but he knew, that she sang frequently at concerts: he had himself heard her in one of these numerous assemblies, and he thought, he had discovered that in spite of her youth, she was asthmatic. He was told that those frequent aspirations, this manner of breathing was the result of art, and adopted to display feeling. Sainclair thought, that expression should be in the accent, the pronunciation, and the sound of the voice: he therefore found much fault with her manner of singing. Besides, in these moments of feeling the singer disfigured her countenance by the most extraordinary gestures: she stretched out her neck, lifted up her arms, and turned her elbows out; Sainclair was so much disgusted with her that he could not bear to hear her spoken of any more.

*To be Continued.*

*Note*...The words *floral Games* in the translation of Sainclair, as inserted in your last month's Magazine, might be much more properly rendered *Flower Games*. The passage contains an allusion, which will probably be obscure to the generality of mere English readers, and which in the explanation may be found to present some information.

In a very early age the South of France gave Laws to Europe in poetry and refinement of manners. The Troubadours of Provence gave the laws of composition to the rest of Europe, and men of literature were esteemed in proportion to their acquaintance with the Provencal language and the writings of the Troubadours. So early as about the year 1100, we find a Troubadour spoken of in the person of a Count of Poitu. A Troubadour by profession was a kind of itinerant poet, who endeavoured to obtain the ear of the great and the favour of the ladies by his poetry, his manliness and refinement in his behaviour. This profession became so reputable, that even Kings aimed at being considered as members of it. One of our Kings, Richard Cœur de Leon stands high on the list. Mrs. Dobson, the celebrated translator of Petrarch, has given an abridged translation of a work by Mr. St. Palaye begun about 1740, and published after his death. In the abridgement is given a number of interesting anecdotes of the various Troubadours, whose lives she sketches. Thoulouse, the chief city of Languedoc,

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

WE present to our Readers, a letter from Richard Lovel Edgeworth, one of the Commissioners of the Board of Education in Ireland, to his fellow members, on the subject of charter schools. We wish to contribute our parts to bringing the the subject of education more fully before the public, as conceiving that the more the subject is discussed, and in the greater variety of lights it is made to appear, its great importance

had been long remarkable for its encouragement of the literature and wit of the times, and long before the 14th century meetings were held there by literary men. At length about the year 1323, a society was projected, which should meet annually under the title of the merry Society of the Seven Troubadours of Thoulouse. The object of this Society was to propose prizes for the encouragement of poetry; and they published their intention of awarding on every 1st. of May succeeding a violet of gold to the best performance which should be presented; From the prize proposed, the title *Jeux floraux* or Flower games, arose. This institution continued, and prospered; a few years after its commencement the founders drew up a digest of laws for it in the Languedocian, or more probably the Provencal tongue, which are said to be still preserved in the records of Thoulouse. At the same time the magistrates and towns people added an eglantine and marygold of silver to the original prize. The society existed with increasing reputation, and members to the year 1720, when the number of members amounted to 40, and four prizes were annually distributed. The early commencement and long continuance of this Institution are very remarkable; but it is still more remarkable, that no poet of eminence has proceeded from it. Many a *Versiluc* no doubt it has produced; but not one, whose name has reached beyond his own age, or his own country. The fact is valuable, as it would seem to prove, or at least to give good grounds for supposing, that patronage and encouragement will not uniformly produce the fruits of genius, and when we see on the other hand the most sublime works arise from the midst of difficulties with giant-strength, we may be allowed to infer, that difficulties arouse and stimulate the powers of man.